the East by nature as the Voice of the Orient itself ?

By what varied natures, and in what different surroundings, have the Persian poets been loved ! Once In a house whose four walls enclosed, both literally and metaphorically, the core of Paris, Bernhardt's greatest colleague, De Max, told me how the poems of the old tentmaker of the rose-garden were read in modern Paris.

From this young Parisian, who, with the thoroughness bred of his aristocratic blood, has lived out the life of Paris, so that his characters upon the stage pale before the parts he plays every day, lying prostrated upon a couch, dressed in a sort of Roman toga, while the rain pattered down on the laurel leaves outside the open window—how far a cry to where the Anglo-Indian woman studied the same lines in a sari upon Bokhara-draped divans, surrounded by the flowers of the jungle, and whose pure love was stronger than death.

Round Mussoorie even the flowers are strange in this country of contradictions.

One of the loveliest shrubs has no blossoms
—only Nile-green leaves shading into du Barri
pink at the bush summit. The brightest

blooms